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POTIPHAR'S WIFE

AND OTHER POEMS

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD



"Even as the Morn restored the Day" (Odyssey)

Went, lost, stoln, or gone astray
From the shelves of

H. H. DAY.

Please return - & that with speede -
Other friends may wish to rede.

H. H. Day



POTIPHAR'S WIFE

And Other Poems

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

POTIPHAR'S WIFE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA," "LIGHT OF THE WORLD," ETC.

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1892

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Egyptian Poems.

POTIPHAR'S WIFE.

(After the versions of the Koran, and the Persian poet Jâmi.)

I.

IN Memphis, underneath the palms of Nile,
The Lady Asenath a house did build
For love of Hebrew Yûsuf; who, erewhile
With flame unquenchable her breast had filled:
The treasures of Prince Itfir 'stablished it
A summer-palace for her fancies fit.

II.

White, in the blue Egyptian sky, it soared
With mighty graven stones reared outwardly;
This side the gate—enthroned—sate Horus, Lord,
Finger to lip; and, on that other, Thmei,
Mother of Truth, holding her asp and wand,
Glared with great granite face across the land.

III.

Inwardly, by an alley of black shade,
The footstep passed on checkered slabs set square,
Into a walled court; where a colonnade
Framed a glad garden full of odours rare
From heavy blooms and fruits. Without was seen
Golden Noon flaming, here 'twas Evening green!

IV.

And all the wall was painted movingly
With high-wrought lore, and solemn-storied things:
Anubis, herding souls, was there to see,
And Thoth the Judge: and proud-apparelled kings
Driving to wars, and bringing spoil again,
Their chariot-wheels rose-red with blood of slain.

V.

And elsewhere Heaven was shown, with bliss unbroken,
Whereto those mild immortal sisters lead,

Isis and Nephtys ; and, for certain token,
 Scarabs in holy rows. The limner's reed
Had drawn their foreclaws holding emblems three
Of Life, and Changelessness, and Sanctity.

VI.

And, elsewhere, frowned Amenti—Hell :—but over
 The silver plumes swayed, teaching how the Dead
Should pass beyond dire Typhon, and discover
 Paths to the happy Light, where Ra's bright head
Rebukes all darkness, Regent of the Sun ;
And Phtah, Kneph, Athor—every Sacred One.

VII.

Also, that cloistered walk was compassed in
 With pillars wonderful for work and hue :
This one a palm-stem ; that papyrus thin ;
 Yonder, in stone, lotuses pink and blue.
And from the garden and the colonnade
A roofed way to the inner rooms was laid.

VIII.

For inner chambers were there seven :—each fashioned
With matchless wit to make each goodlier
Than that last seen. So, heart and eye, impassioned
Unto the inmost passed, devised by her,
High Asenath, for love's deep hiding-place,
Beautiful, marvellous, all peace and grace.

IX.

Through latticed loops Nile's cooling ripple came—
Musical, lulling,—to that dim retreat
Which had for light one silver lamp's faint flame
Burning with fragrant oils before the feet
Of Pasht, in speckled stone, Pasht with cat's head,
And long arms on her levelled knees outspread.

X.

The forty carven columns round about
Showed each some masterpiece of subtle craft :

A musk-deer here, in river-reeds, breathes out

The very musk-scent from him : there, a waft
Of bulrush-heads to the quick current bend,
And the slow crocodiles to dry land wend

XI.

Sunning wet scales. And, next, a grey fox watched—

In syenite—doves on a tamarisk-tree
Done out of green rock. Wings and necks were matched

In lazulite and moonstone—fair to see !
Midway a dais mounted to a bed
Of pearl and ebony, with soft cloths spread.

XII.

Upon the alcove there, and all around

Love tales were pictured : some swart lady wooed
A lover still unwilling ; he was bound

In dark warm arms, refusing : then 'twas viewed
How to her spells he melted : then, again,
How what he scorned he sued for—fond and fain.

XIII.

And those who thus Love's luxuries had won
Asenath seemed, and Yûsuf. Limb for limb,
Lips, eyes, and brows, the Hebrew boy was done
Lifelike. The gemmed Egyptian dame with him
Shone Asenath herself, Asenath fair,
With robes ungirt, no fillet in her hair !

XIV.

Into this palace 'twas her mind to bring
Yûsuf the slave, and lead him, room by room,
Through all their passages of pleasuring
Till eyes' delight should heart's cold doubts consume.
But first herself she 'tired, and lovelier made
That loveliness, too rich before arrayed !

XV.

Her eyebrows' arch with pencilled lines she builded,
And touched each underlid with jetty dye ;

Drew the long lashes separate, and gilded

Her flesh with palm-flow'r dust, to beautify
The ambered satin of her nape and neck ;
And deftly with red henna did she deck

XVI.

Her slender finger-tips ; and washed with myrrh

Her long black tresses, braiding them in strings
Which, from the queenly gleaming crown of her
Swung to her knees, banded with beads and rings
And, 'thwart her breasts—like lotus-blossoms blown—
A purple, spangled, sindon hath she thrown.

XVII.

Then she bade summon that fair Hebrew boy :

Who came, with palms across his faint heart folded,
And kissed her feet, and prayed : “ What swift employ
May thy true servant find ? ” . Of manhood moulded
In every part was Yûsuf ; and her eye
O'er-roamed him with a tender tyranny.

XVIII.

Yet more he shunned th' imperious look of love
 Than if her glance had blaze of wrath displayed :
 " But," quoth the Princess, " this night will I prove
 If thou be servant true ! " Therewith she bade
 Follow :—and, entering that first chamber-door,
 Shot the bronze bolt ; and from his brown throat tore —

XIX.

With swift impatient hand—the leathern thong
 Marking him thrall ; and cried : " My soul's desire !
 I, thy hid handmaid, do thee daily wrong
 Playing the mistress. By Ra's morning fire
 Freed art thou ! Make my gift of freedom sweet
 Lifting this love-sick giver from thy feet ! "

XX.

With that she poured her black imperial hair
 In waves upon his sandals. But, he said :

“Thou, to whom Egypt’s noblest kneel in fear,
Mock me not thus, on whom the charge is laid
To guard thee for my Lord ; or, if set free,
Great lady ! grant my soul his liberty !”

XXI.

Silent she rose :—drew him on inwardly
Behind the second door, locking it hard :
Took from a chest,—cut of the almond-tree—
A cirque, with gods and scarabs set in sard :
“See now !” she cried : “I crown thee Prince and Lord,
Will not those lips, made royal like mine, afford

XXII.

“The word I pine for, which shall pay for greatness ?
Now may’st thou lift thy face, and answer sweet ;
We are as one ! Quit shame, forsake sedateness !
Asenath woos Lord Yûsuf :—that is meet !”
“Oh, Itfir’s wife !” he said, “meet would it be
I were made vultures’ food, hearkening to thee !”

XXIII.

Then, through those chambers third and fourth she passed,
And to the fifth and sixth she led him on,
Bolting each door behind: till at the last,—
Laden with gifts of jade, and turkis-stone,
And robes, and torques—she brought Him to her bower,
Where 'twas her thought to put forth Love's last power.

XXIV.

For all four walls with those light pictures burned,
Painted to life—lovers at play—and these
Asenath seemed, and Yûsuf. If he turned,
Unyielding, from the Princess at his knees,
On the same Princess gazed he, imaged sweet;
And himself yielded, conquered, at her feet.

XXV.

And more than steadfast soul might well withstand
It was, to bring his troubled gaze again

To that great suppliant, wasting on his hand
 Woeful caressings : and to mark what pain .
Filled with clear tears the bright beseeching eyes ;
Heaved the soft breasts, as sea-tides sink and rise.

XXVI.

For, when she linked the last door's chain, and seized
 His hands, and, desperate, her last prayer said,
He had been stone or snow to view, unpleased,
 The lustrous glory of that low-bowed head,
The meekness of such majesty forgot,
The queenly pleading orbs, whose light was shot

XXVII.

Star-wise, through sparkling rain ; which more o'erpowered
 By grace, than greatness, to the sweet surrender.
Like a charmed snake Conscience its cold hood lowered,
 While, soft as muted lute, in accents tender
Her rich lips murmured, " Oh, how long, how long
Wilt thou do thee and me this loveless wrong ? "

XXVIII.

“How long? when I, who may command, implore,
Being named Mistress of the Mouths of Nile?
Yet, if into the Ocean those did pour
Silver and gold all day, for one kind smile
From those close-curtained eyes, for one light kiss
I would let sea-born Kneph take all of this!

XXIX.

“Give, then, mine heart its will, mine eyelids sleep;
My head the pillow that can lull its woe.
Shall Asenath of Memphis vainly weep?
I cry to thee by Him thou honourest so,
Thy Hebrew Jah—if He hath any ruth—
Show mercy! put to fruit thy blossomed youth!”

XXX.

“Yea! by the marks thy God hath set on thee
To make thee most desirable,—thy hair

Glossed like an ibis' wing,—thy brows which be
 Black rainbows to thy sunlike eyes,—the fair
Wonderful rounding of thy temples twain,
And that flower mouth,—which, when it opes again

XXXI.

“Cannot, and shall not say me ‘nay’—by these,
 And all thy goodly strength, for Love's use given,
By my salt tears, and by my soul's disease,
 Shut me no longer from the wished-for Heaven;
Its gate is there! there—in those arms tight-locked—
Open them—open! for my heart hath knocked!”

XXXII.

“What gives thee fear, when I am none afeard?
 Where is thy shame, if I am naught ashamed?
What whisper of our comforts shall be heard
 From these still walls? How should thy blood be blamed
Mingling with mine, who come of Pharaoh's race?
With mine, that have these brows, this breast, this face?”

XXXIII.

“ Ah, thou most high and most beguiling one ! ”

Trembling he answered : “ tempt me not to this !
 Easy it were to do, but ill, being done,
 If I should sell white virtue for a kiss,
 And break the bright glass of unstained faith
 To burn for shame when our Lord Itfir saith

XXXIV.

“ ‘ Yûsuf, my Trusted ! ’ By the living Lord,
 Whose lamp the sun is, seeing everywhere,
 Too sore I pity thee ! Too soon the word
 Of ‘ yea ’ would leap, if it were only fear
 Which locks it in my lips : oh, let me go
 And on some other day this might be so ! ”

XXXV.

“ Nay, nay ! ” she cries : “ for me is no to-morrow !
 Who, dying in a desert, puts aside

The water-skin? Who, holding cure of sorrow,
 Bears on with agony? When could betide
 A better time than now, a surer spot?
 What's wrought the Gods themselves will witness not!"

XXXVI.

"My God will witness!" quoth he, "and make know
 My Master." "Oh, thy Master!" brake in she,
 "I have a herb of Nile, and, when cups flow,
 Crowned at the banquet, there shall some night be
 A strange new savour in his wine:—and, then
 Sleep on his eye, and ceasing from 'midst men."

XXXVII.

Backward thereat he drew, as when a snake
 From coralled jaws bares sudden fatal fangs;
 But she, distempered, from her belt did take
 A knife: and, while with one fond hand she hangs
 Hot on his neck, the other the blade kept
 So pressed to the skin the scarlet blood outleapt.

XXXVIII.

And with wild eyes she spake: "My soul hath clung
Too close to thine, Unkind! to cling in vain;
Mine ears have drank the music of thy tongue
Too long for life, except Love heals life's pain!
See! the fond dagger for my scorned blood yearns,
And drinks its first drop, where the bright point burns!

XXXIX.

"Deny me, and I drive this shining death
Straight to the heart which thou contemnest so;
And when last love-sigh comes with latest breath,
And o'er thy cruel hands the red streams flow,
My murdered body shall Lord Itfir see,
And the dread charge of this will light on thee!"

XL.

With eager grasp he clutched her wrist, and cried:
"Great Asenath! have pity on us both!

From such mad frenzy turn thy steel aside.

Too fair—too dear—to die! too—” She, not loath,
Deeming the boy relenting, sheathed her blade,
And with close-winding arms a warm chain made

XLI.

About his beating breast, and drew him down
Against her mouth, and dragged “nay! nay!” away
In such a cleaving kiss his sense did swoon,
His tongue, shut in with honey, naught could say;
His eyes, meeting her eyes, such fierce flame took
They dropped their lids not to be lightning-strook.

XLII.

Then, while he sank back, will-less, on the silk,
She rose, of triumph sure, and deftly drew
From her smooth shoulders,—brown and smooth as milk
With palm-wine mixed—that scarf of purple hue
Veiling her bosom’s splendours; this she bore,
Quick-tripping, to the niche beside the door,

XLIII.

Where, on tall pedestal, in pride of place,
Sate Pasht the Cat, with orbs of green and gold ;
And, over those green eyes, and o'er the face
That garment hath she draped, so that its fold
Hid the House-Goddess to her porphyry chin.
“ Why doest thou this ? ” asks Yûsuf. “ If I sin—”

XLIV.

Answers glad Asenath—“ It must not be
That Pasht, whom every morn I straitly serve
With musk, and flowers, and prayers—great Pasht, should
see ;
That Pasht, with those sharp eyes, should know I swerve
From law :—for she would blab to Lords of Hell,
But what she doth not spy she will not tell.”

XLV.

Turning, she made to clip him ; but he broke,
Like the sun bursting through a shattered cloud,

Fierce from her arms : and, all alight, he spoke
 Angrily thus : " Take, too, thy skirt, and shroud
Yon stars that gaze upon us from God's sky !
Cover, with fine-wove webs, the angry eye

XLVI.

" Of dread Jehovah, watching everywhere !
 Bind His free winds, and bid them whisper naught !
Lay hand upon His lightnings, flashing clear,
 And bribe them not to strike ! Let there be brought
His thunders, muzzled, to thy bower ; and win
Their awful voices to forgive our sin !"

XLVII.

" Fear'st thou those stony eyes thou didst enfold,
 And shall not I my fathers' Lord fear more,
Whose glance none may shut out, Whose eyes behold
 All things in every place ? Tempted full sore,
Lady of Egypt ! was thy witless slave :
Now breaks he from thee, better faith to save !"

XLVIII.

With that he darted forth. And Asenath
Reached at his waist-cloth, rending it atwain ;
One portion in her wrathful hand she hath,
One the fast-flying Yûsuf doth retain ;
While, in his speed, he flings back bolts and bars
Till, 'scaped, he stands under the mindful stars.

TO A PAIR OF EGYPTIAN SLIPPERS.

TINY slippers of gold and green,

Tied with a mouldering golden cord!

What pretty feet they must have been

When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord!

Somebody graceful and fair you were!

Not many girls could dance in these!

When did your shoemaker make you, dear,

Such a nice pair of Egyptian "threes"?

Where were you measured? In Saïs, or On,

Memphis, or Thebes, or Pelusium?

Fitting them featly your brown toes upon,

Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb,

I seem to see you!—so long ago,

Twenty-one centuries, less or more!

And here are your sandals: yet none of us know
What name, or fortune, or face you bore.

Your lips would have laughed, with a rosy scorn,
If the merchant, or slave-girl, had mockingly said,
"The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn
Two thousand years onward Time's road shall tread,
And still be footgear as good as new!"
To think that calf-skin, gilded and stitched,
Should Rome and the Pharaohs outlive—and you
Be gone, like a dream, from the world you bewitched!

Not that we mourn you! 'Twere too absurd!
You have been such a very long while away!
Your dry spiced dust would not value one word
Of the soft regrets that my verse could say.
Sorrow and Pleasure, and Love and Hate,
If you ever felt them, have vaporised hence
To this odour—so subtle and delicate—
Of myrrh, and cassia, and frankincense.

Of course they embalmed you! Yet not so sweet

Were aloes and nard, as the youthful glow

Which Amenti stole when the small dark feet

Wearied of treading our world below.

Look! it was flood-time in valley of Nile,

Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear!

When your slippers tripped lightly their latest mile—

The mud on the soles renders that fact clear.

You knew Cleopatra, no doubt! You saw

Antony's galleys from Actium come.

But there! if questions could answers draw

From lips so many a long age dumb,

I would not tease you with history,

Nor vex your heart for the men which were;

The one point to learn that would fascinate me

Is, where and what are you to-day, my dear!

You died, believing in Horus and Pasht,

Isis, Osiris, and priestly lore;

And found, of course, such theories smashed
By actual fact on the heavenly shore.
What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?
Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?
Your charming soul—so I calculate—
Mislaid its mummy, and sought new flesh.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,
Who still of this find in the Fayoum would speak,
And to Pharaohs and scarabs still carry us back?
A scent of lotus about her hung,
And she had such a far-away wistful air
As of somebody born when the Earth was young;
And she wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair.

Perchance you were married? These might have been
Part of your *trousseau*—the wedding-shoes;
And you laid them aside with the garments green,
And painted clay Gods which a bride would use:

And, may be, to-day, by Nile's bright waters
Damsels of Egypt in gowns of blue—
Great- great- great- — very- great- — grand-daughters
Owe their shapely insteps to you!

But vainly I beat at the bars of the Past,
Little green slippers with golden strings!
For all you can tell is that leather will last
When loves, and delightings, and beautiful things
Have vanished, forgotten—No! not quite that!
I catch some gleam of the grace you wore
When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
And left your shoes at Death's bedroom door.

You were born in the Egypt which did not doubt;
You were never sad with our new-fashioned
sorrows:
You were sure, when your play-days on Earth ran
out,
Of play-times to come, as we of our morrows!

Oh, wise little Maid of the Delta! I lay
Your shoes in your mummy-chest back again,
And wish that one game we might merrily play
At " Hunt the Slipper "—to see it all plain !

THE EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

THERE was fear and desolation over Egypt's swarthy land
From the holy city of the Sun to hot Syëne's sand :

The sistrum and the cymbal slept, the dancing women
beat

No measure to the pipe and drum, with silver-slipped
feet :

For the Daughter of the King must die, the dark
magicians said

Before once more the Moon-God Khuns should lift his
hornèd head.

And, all those days, the temple-smoke loaded the heavy
air

With prayers to Set the Terrible, who heareth not, to
hear ;

Those days the painted flags were down, the festal lamps
untrimmed,
Mute at their stones the millers ground, silent the Nile
boats skimmed :
And, through the land, lip passed to lip sad word of what
would be,
From Nubia's golden mountains to the gateways of the
Sea.

There, in the Palace Hall, where once her laugh had
loudest been,
Where, but last Feast Day she had worn the wreath of
Beauty's Queen,
She lay a lost but lovely thing, the wreath was on her
brow :
Alas! the lotus could not match its chilly pallor
now !
And ever as the orb of Day sank lower in the sky,
Her breath came fainter, and the life seemed fading from
her eye.

Mute o'er the dying maiden's form King Mycerinus
bends;—

Not Pharaoh's might from this dread foe proud Egypt's
hope defends!

Piteously moans he: "In this world, so dark without
thy smile!

Hast thou one care thy Father's love, thy King's pledge
may beguile?

Hast thou a last light wish?—"Tis thine, by all the Gods
on high!

If Egypt's blood can win it thee, or Egypt's treasure buy!"

How eagerly they wait her words! Upon the pictured
wall

In long gold lines the dying lights between the columns
fall;

Was it strange that tears were glistening where tears
should never be,

When Death had touched with fatal kiss the lips of such
as she?

Was it strange that warriors should raise a very woman's
cry
For help and hope to Athor's ears when such as she must
die ?

Small boot of bearded leeches here ! not all Arabia's
store
Of precious balms can purchase her one noon of sunshine
more !
Hush ! hush ! she speaks !—the pale, drawn lips murmur
a parting speech !
Ah, silence ! let no syllable be lost ! so whispers each.
That grey crow on the Palace wall which croaks and will
not rest,
An archer fits his arrow and splits the evil breast !

“ Father ! Great Father !—it is hard,—to die so very
young !
Summer was coming, and I looked to see the palm-buds
sprung !

Must it be always dark like this?—I cannot see thy face!
I am dying! Hold me, Pharaoh! in thy kind and strong
embrace!

List! let them sometimes bear me where the golden sun-
beams lie,

Farewell! Farewell! I know thou wilt! 'Tis easy now
to die!"

And ever when the Star of Kneph has brought the summer
round,

And the Nile rises fast and full along the thirsty ground,
They bear her from her rock-hewn tomb to where the
Sun's broad light

May linger on the close-bound eyes were once so glad and
bright;

And strew palm-clusters on her breast while grey-haired
singers tell

Of the high Egyptian Lady, who loved the Sun so well.

Japanese Poems.



THE GRATEFUL FOXES.

(A Japanese Story, in the Japanese Manner.)

PART I.

IN the month when cherry-trees
 Paint the spring-time pink,
Lady Haru, with her maids,
 Sate at Kodzu's brink :
Good it is to live on days like these !

Rosy as a Musmee's lips,
 Red as blood on snow,
Bloomed the jewelled branches forth :
 Rice-birds chirped below :
Over silver seas went white-sailed ships.

THE GRATEFUL FOXES.

All about the blossoming rape,—

Glad to own its gold—

Butterflies and dragon-flies

Flitted ;—snakes were bold

To draw slow coils to sunlight. Every cape—

From its sleeping shadow rose :

Fuji-San was seen

Piercing Heaven's blue above,

Glassed in Ocean's green ;—

Doubled forests, doubled gleaming snows !

Beautiful O Haru San,

With her maids, at play,

Pulled the lilies ; in the stream

Bathed, heart-whole and gay :

Spring-time ripples in her sweet veins ran !

By and by, along the river,

Comes a troop of boys :



'Tis a fox-cub they have captured !

Laughter loud, and noise

Who shall have its skin, and who its liver.

In the bamboo-thicket's gloom—

At safe distance—sit

Father fox and mother fox

Gazing after it :

“O, *Kawwaiso* ! Caught when Spring was come !”

“Cruel, noisy boys !” she said,

“Loose the little fox !

See his honourable parents

Weeping, by the rocks !”—

“*Iye ! iye !*” Each one shook his head.

“Foxes' skins fetch half a bu

In Komadzu town !

Foxes' livers—sliced and dried,

And well powdered down—


Sovereign physic for a fever brew !”

“ Ah! but when all things rejoice
In this flower-time feast :”—
Spake the Princess—“ will you kill
Such a small, soft beast ? ”
“ *Hime Sama !* ” cried the village boys :

“ Your august excuse we crave—
Yet—three hundred cash !
When would such a prize befall
If, with pity rash,
We this cub unto the old ones gave ? ”

Thereupon O Haru San
From her girdle drew
Copper money, silver money
Till it made a bu.
“ See ! take twice the price ! ” she said. They ran

Merry thence, to be so rich,
Leaving frightened, free,



In that lovely lady's lap

Poor *Ko-Kitsune*,

No more frightened, feeling her soft touch.

For she loosed, with tender hand,

Knot, and noose, and string :

Stroked the red fur smooth again

On the ruffled thing ;

Rolled cool *nakasè* to make a band

Round the little bleeding leg :

Offered fish and rice.

Plain as speech the black eyes said :

" Oh, that's very nice !

Yet, *go men nasaimashi*, I beg

" Leave, kind Princess ! now to go

Where my parents wait

Close by yonder bean-straw stacks :

Sad must be their state :

That is my *Okkasan*, whining so ! "

THE GRATEFUL FOXES.

Therefore, while the old ones gaze,
Gently on the ground
Sets she down the wistful cub :
At one happy bound
Leaps it through the lilies, clears the belt of maize.

Wounded foot forgetting
To its kind it sped ;
Licked its loving dam all over,
Licked its father's head :
Gravely those old foxes, left and right,

Looked it over, neck and breast,
Scanned it up and down,
Smelled it from the feathery brush
To the smooth brown crown.
Then, upon their haunches humbly dressed,

Two sharp barks of gratitude
Honourably paid :



“Farewell! We, your servants three,
Send you thanks, sweet maid!
Sayonara!” So they sought the wood.

She, with glad steps, homeward went
By the river banks,
Watching purple shadows climb
Fuji’s wooded flanks,
Musing how fair Mercy brings Content.

PART II.

IN the tenth Moon—none wist why—

Sick that Lady lay :

As from cherry boughs the bloom

Falls, so fell away

Cheeks' fresh tint, and ripe lips' rosy dye.

More and more the gentle face

Weary grew and wan :

Those that saw her in the Spring-tide—

Sweet O Haru San—

Cried : " Oh, where is gone such youth and grace ? "

Grave physicians gathered nigh

Famed for healing lore ;

Sovereign herbs they culled and boiled :

Not one whit the more
Gained she glow of cheek or light of eye.

“Ever,” so she sadly said,
“In the dead of night,
Something wicked, dreamy, dim
Seemed to rise in sight,
Hovered—horrible—about her bed.”

Therefore, on each side her pillow
Watched a grey-haired nurse.
In the morning, nothing witnessed!
Princess Haru worse!
Drooping like a root-cut river-willow.

Six new nurses sate about
All with lamps alight.
“*Setsunai!*” the Princess cries
At the dead of night.
All the nurses sleeping, all the lamps gone out!

Thereupon, her maids fourscore

Kept full watch and ward.

At the "hour of the Rat"

Each maid sleeping hard!

The torches quenched! the Princess weeping sore!

Next, five councillors of fame,

Wearing swords and frocks,

Watched, by royal ordinance;

Yet—at "hour of Ox"

All a-slumber! Haru plagued the same!

Isahaya Buzen spake:

"*Maho-tsukai* is here!

'Tis some hellish witchcraft works,

Else, with one so dear,

All our eyelids heavy what could make?"

"Is there none to break the spell?

Must our Princess die?"

With my fingers and my thumbs
Held I wide each eye ;
Suddenly, like one a-drunk, I fell !”

Spake the Chief Priest, Raitan :
“ Nightly, while I pray,
Burning incense-sticks, and beating
Buddha’s drum,—till day,
Standing near the shrine I see a man,

“ Handsome, youthful, fixed of face,
He doth supplicate,
‘Set my Lady Haru free
From her evil state !
Hear the prayer of Itô, Lord of Grace !’

“ ‘Tak’st,’ I asked him, ‘ no repose ?’
‘ Holy Sir !’ he said,
‘ Prayer is all that I may offer.
Might I guard her bed
All Hell’s fiends these eyes should never close !’

“ Being but your foot-soldier
Itô dares not speak !”
Quoth the Shogun, “ Let him be
Taicho—Captain! Seek
Only how to save our daughter here !”

Therefore, with those maids fourscore,
And those statesmen five,
Soldier Itô kept the watch.
Hardly half-alive
Lay the gentle Lady, moaning sore.

On the snow-white mats a cloth
Heedfully he spreads ;
Stealthily his dirk he drew ;
Then—when all their heads
Nodded, at the “ hour of the Moth,”

Deep he drives it in his thigh.
From the smarting wound

Spirits the blood : when slumber tempts

Twists he that blade round.

Others doze, but Itô shuts no eye!

Soon he sees the Witch appear—

Oh, a dream of death!

Wolf-shaped! Wickedly its mouth

Sucks O Haru's breath.

Itô leaps upon it, free of fear,

Grasps it : flings it : goes to kill!

Struggling shrieks that Shape :

“ If you slay me she must die,

Grant me hence escape

And I tell what thing might make her well.”

“ Tell it, Hag!” he cries, “ and swear

Never more to prowl!”

Pants the Witch, “ I swear! If you

Grate, in her rice-bowl,

Fox's liver, woes will disappear.”

Itô from the Night-Wolf tore
One huge bristling ear.
In the morning all awakened,
Ah, the joy, the fear!
Haru smiling! Blood upon the floor!

Statesmen five, and waitresses,
Sore ashamed to drowse!
Gladness in the royal heart,
Joyaunce in the house!
Itô's hurt O Haru's own hand dresses!

Then he showed the ear, and told them
How the Witch's breath
Spread a spell of slumber round
Deep as sleep of death.
"I myself had nodded, but, behold them!

"With these humble wounds to aid
I remained awake,

Twisting still the dagger slowly :

Princess ! for thy sake

In my heart I would have turned that blade !”

Near and far the King's word sped

Messengers to bring

Fox's liver. “ If,” quoth he,

“ 'Tis this healing thing

Faithful Itô shall O Haru wed.”

PART III.

NEAR and far the hunters sought,
Roaming every wood :
The court would pay the weight in gold
'Twas well understood :
Yet no fox's liver to be bought !

To their mountain huts again
Sad those hunters came.
" All the foxes know ! " said they :
" Far and wide the fame
Passeth of this Princess and her pain."

Wrathful waxed the Lord—spake he :
" Loth I were to slay
One fox even, yet my child

Pines: if not to-day
Comes this thing, then disembowelled be

“ Our physicians! Tell them so!
Shall a Princess sink
For this matter of one fox ? ”
Sadly sate, to think,
All the great court doctors, in a row.

Then they humbly sent to say :
“ One man might succeed !
Itô—please your Majesty—
Is the best at need :
Deign to grant for Itô one more day ! ”

Itô reached his arrows down,
Strung his hunting-bow,
Took his knife, and rope, and nets,
In the woods to go :
Suddenly—at entrance of the town—

Comes a woman, with a jar ;

Very low she bows :

“ *Go men nasai !* I was bringing

This to my Lord’s house :

”Tis what you would seek, fetched from afar.”

Joyously he prays the price :

“ Nay ! ” says she,—and drew

Closer down upon her face

The country hood of blue,—

“ Afterwards will very well suffice ! ”

Joyously he brings it home :

Glad those doctors grew !

In a bowl of beaten gold

The precious broth they brew :

The Princess drinks ! the charm is overcome !

Bright as silver star, sprung newly

From the purple sea,

From her bath she trips, and fastens

Jiban, imoji,

All the glory of her garments, duly :

In the garden, with her maid,

Walks, a moving Flower,

Fairer than the Kiku bloom

After autumn shower.

Quoth the Court, "But, is the bringer paid?"

"*Tenshi Sama!*" Itô said,

"Yonder she attends!"

Quoth he, "Take this gold, and pay

What may make amends!"

At the spot they find a dog-fox—dead!

Round its neck cause thus reported :

"*'Tis my husband here!*

For his child he gives his liver

To the Princess dear :

I—his very lowly wife—have brought it."

FUJI-YAMA.

To the fairest of his friends
This her faithful poet sends.

On the top of Fuji-San
Now we stand ; and half Japan
Like a mighty map unrolled
Spreads beneath us, green and gold :
Southward, pale and bright, the sea
Shines, from distant Misaki,
Round Atami's broken coast,
Till the silvery gleam is lost,
Mingling with the silvery sky,
Far away toward Narumi :
Northward, yonder line of blue—
Over Mino and Bi-shû—

(Say the guides) is Biwa Lake,
Forty ri removed, to take
The stork's road through the azure air.
Oh, if I had his painted pair
Of wings, I'd fly with them, and lend
Those strong plumes to my gentle friend
That she might come, without one soil
Of dust on her dear feet, or toil
Of weary walking, up this steep
To gaze on the Pacific deep,
Fuji's vast slope—a mountain-world—
With, half-way down, the soft clouds curled
Around her waist, an *obi* fair,
Scarlet and gold, like what you wear.

The rivers, running far below,
Like white threads on a green cloth show ;
The towns are little purple spots,
The villages faint greyish dots ;
Over the tallest mountains round

We gaze, from Fuji's monstrous mound,
 And see far past them, just as you
 Spy Mita clear from Azabu,
 O-Yama to a mole-hill shrinks,
 Bukôzan, now, one hardly thinks
 As high as Kompira, that hill
 You climbed, with such good heart and will
 At Ikao, in the pelting rain :
 We spy those Ikao ranges plain
 Beyond Koshiû, and near to view
 Karuizawa's green tops, too.
 What sunny hours, what lightsome times
 We had there, in our walks and climbs !
 I like the mountains of Japan
 Best, at your side, O Yoshi San !

Gotemba to Subashiri

The road was rough, yet fair to see ;
 Red lilies glittered in the grass,
 Green waved the rice, as we did pass

Nearer to this majestic Hill,
 Which stately grew, and statelier still
 In ever-shifting clouded dress
 As we drew close ; its loveliness
 Most perfect when at sunset-time
 The mists rolled from its brow sublime
 And showed—o'erhanging the long street
 (Busy with many a pilgrim's feet
 And fluttering with ten thousand flags)—
 Proud Fuji to her topmost crags
 Steel-blue against a saffron sky—
 A Queen ! A World ! A Mystery !

At daybreak, from Subashiri
 We started forth, with horses three,
 To thread the woodland path, which leads
 By groves and streams and shrines and meads,
 Nigher and higher, till we find
 Umagaeshi, and leave behind
 Our steeds. Henceforward every ri

With sturdy foot must traversed be :
And Fuji, lifting rosy red
Beyond the pines her peerless head,
Seems still as far, as when, last night,
We watched her in the sunset's light.

While yet we paced the forest road
Where green woods made a garment broad
For Fuji's knees, and dappled shade
Upon the speckled pumice played,
I wished you by, that you might share
That sweetness of the upland air
And glow of the glad sunburst, now
Crowning with gold Queen Fuji's brow ;
But when we came where snow-slips tear
The flanks of the red mountain bare,
And thence to climb the cone began,
'Mid dykes and crags, O Yoshi San !
At each hard step I did rejoice
Not to be hearing your soft voice,

And not to see your *zori* tread
 That rugged way, which still o'erhead
 Zigzagged the shoulder of the crag,
 All shifting lava-dust and slag ;
 Almost for men too steep and rough
 Winds the wild path ! We had enough
 Of breathless, toilsome tramp all day)
 Before our long line made its way)
 To "Station Eight"—*Hachi-go-me,*)
 Glad was I, 'mid such mist and rain
 To know you safe in the warm plain.

Clambering from "Station Eight's" black rock
 We topped the cone at nine o'clock,
 Where this I write, to keep my word,
 And prove that, wholly undeterred
 By distance, high up in the sky
 My thoughts back to my sweet Friend fly
 Down from the crest of green Japan
 To chat with you, O Yoshi San !

THE MUSMEE.


THE Musmee has brown velvet eyes
Curtained with satin, sleepily ;
You wonder if those lids would rise
The newest, strangest sight to see ;
But when she chatters, laughs, or plays
Kôto, biwa, or samisen,
No jewel gleams with brighter rays
Than flash from those dark lashes then.

The Musmee has a small brown face,
"Musk-melon seed" its perfect shape :
Jetty arched eyebrows ; nose to grace
The rosy mouth beneath ; a nape,
And neck, and chin, and smooth, soft cheeks
Carved out of sun-burned ivory,

With teeth, which, when she smiles or speaks,
 Pearl merchants might come leagues to see !

The Musmee's hair could teach the night
 How to grow dark, the raven's wing
How to seem ebon ! Grand the sight
 When, in rich masses, towering,
She builds each high black-marble coil,
 And binds the gold and scarlet in ;
And thrusts, triumphant, through the toil
 The Kanzâshi, her jewelled pin.

The Musmee has wee faultless feet,
 With snow-white *tabi* trimly decked,
Which patter down the city street,
 In short steps, slow and circumspect ;
A velvet string between her toes
 Holds to its place th' unwilling shoe :
Pretty and pigeon-like she goes,
 And on her head a hood of blue.



The Musmee wears a wondrous dress—

Kimono, obi, imoji—

A rose-bush in Spring loveliness

Is not more colour-glad to see!

Her girdle holds her silver pipe,

And heavy swing her long silk sleeves

With cakes, love-letters, *mikan* ripe,

Small change, musk-bag, and writing-leaves.

The Musmee's heart is slow to grief,

And quick to pleasure, dance, and song;

The Musmee's pocket-handkerchief

A square of paper! All day long

Gentle, and sweet, and debonair

Is, rich or poor, this Asian lass :

Heaven have her in its tender care,

*O medetô gozarimas ! **

* Japanese for "May it be well with thee!"

AN INTRODUCTION.

(To O Yoshi San, with a Copy of "Alice through the
Looking-Glass.")

BLUE-EYED Alice! once more pass
Lightly through your looking-glass,
Where, in wonder-world of dream,
Nothing is, but all things seem.
Pass! and tell O Yoshi San
All the mad wild fun you can,
Till her dear eyes, dark as night,
Gleam like yours with gay delight.
English Alice! if you please,
Be to-day quite Japanese!

.

Alice! here's O Yoshi San!
(Sweetest maid in all Japan)

AN INTRODUCTION.

Full of fun as heav'n of blue,
Yet demure and studious, too :
Yoshi ! give your soft small hand
To Alice, fresh from Dreaming-Land !
Sweetest girl in England she,
So, make friends—and think of me !

THE EMPEROR'S BREAKFAST.

FIFTEEN centuries ago,
Emperor Nintok of Japan
Walked upon his roof, at morning,
Watching if the work began
Well—to gild the cedar frieze
Of his palace galleries ;
Well—to nail the silver plates
Of his inner palace gates ;
For the Queen would have it so
Fifteen hundred years ago !

Walking on his roof, he spied
Streets and lanes and quarters teeming
Saw his city spreading wide :
Ah ! but poor and sad in seeming

Showed those lowly wooden huts
Underneath the King's gates gleaming.
Oh! he knows each wicket shuts
One world out and one world in :
This so great, and that so small,
Yet to those plain folks within
The little world their all in all!
Just then, the waiting-maids bore through
The breakfast of King Nintoku.

Quoth the Emperor, gazing round,
" Wherefore—when my meats abound—
See I not more smoke arise
From these huts beneath mine eyes?
Chimneys jut into the air,
Yet no chimney-reek is there
Telling how the household pot
Bubbles glad with *gohan* * hot!
Gild me no more galleries

* Boiled rice.

If my people lose the gold!
Let my doors unplated go
If the silver leaves them cold!
This city of all tax I ease
For three years: We decree it so!
From those huts there shall be smoke!"
Thus the Emperor Nintok spoke.

Three years sped. Upon his roof
That Monarch paced again. Aloof
His Empress hung, ill-pleased to see
The snows drip through her gallery,
The gates agape for cracks, and grey
With wear and weather. "Consort! say
If thus the Emperor of Japan
Should lodge, like some vile peasant man
Whose thatch leaks for a load of straw?"
"Princess august! what recks a flaw,"
Nintok replied, "in gate or wall
When, far and wide, those chimneys all

THE EMPEROR'S BREAKFAST.

Fling their blue house-flags to the sky
Where the Gods count them? Thou and I
Have part in all the poor folks' health:
A people's weal makes a King's wealth!"

“SAYONARA.”

WHICH word, of all the words for parting made,
Seems best to say, and sweetest, being said ?
Which holds most tenderness, and least despair,
And lingers longest in the loved one's ear ?
O Yoshi San ! O Fuku San ! when we
Must say “ Good-bye,” shall that the last word be,
Our English “ God be with you ? ” or, in phrase
Of Persia, “ *Khuda hafiz* ” — “ All your days
Heaven keep you ! ” Or, as the Egyptians do,
“ *Lailatak saïd !* ” — “ Happy night to you ! ”
Or, in the Arab manner, hand on brow,
“ *Salaam aleikum !* ” — “ Peace be with you now ! ”
Or, in the soft Italian — “ *Addio !* ”
“ To God I give you, since — alas ! — I go.”
“ *Ora d' partenza !* ” Or, as they of Spain,

" *Hasta la vista !* " — " Till we meet again ! "

" *Vaya con Dios !* " — " Go thy ways with God ! "

Or lightly, with the lively Frenchman's nod,

" *Bon soir, mais sans adieu !* " — " Good-night, and yet

No speech of parting till once more we are met ! "

Or solemn Sanskrit " *Swagatam ;* " or word

Of guttural German, at hand-shaking heard,

" *Auf wiedersehen.* " Or any far-fetched speech

Of India, China, Russia, seeking each

Some pretty gentle wish to charm away

The sorrow of the thing they have to say ?

No ! it shall not be any one of these,

But " *Sayonara,* " in soft Japanese ;

For this at worst, means " Since it must be so ! "

And, while we speak the sad word, who can know

We shall not change it to " *So de wa nai !* "

And have no *Sayonara* then to say ?

AT SEA.

TANGLED and torn, the white sea-laces

Broider the breast of the Indian Deep :

Lifted aloft the strong screw races

To slacken and strain in the waves which leap :

The great sails swell : the broad bows shiver

To green and silver the purple sea ;

And, down from the sunset, a dancing river

Flows, broken gold, where our ship goes free.

Too free! too fast! With memories laden

I gaze to the northward where lies Japan :

Oh, fair and pleasant, and soft-voiced maiden !

You are there, too distant! O Yoshi San !

You are under those clouds by the storm-winds shaken,

A thousand ri, as the sea-gull flies,

As lost as if Death, not Time, had taken
My eyes away from your beautiful eyes.

Yet, if it were Death, of Friends, my Fairest!

He could not rend our spirits in twain :
They came too near to be less than nearest
In the world where true hearts mingle again.

But sad is the hour we sigh farewell in,
And, for me, whenever they name Japan,
All grace, all charm, of the land you dwell in
Is spoken in saying "O Yoshi San!"

THE "NO" DANCE.

YAMADA SAN said: "Come, and see the 'No'—
Those songs and dances of our old Japan:—
They make the ancient music faithfully
This evening at my Lord the Governor's;
You shall be honourably pleased. What best
Kyoto boasts of geishas will be there,
With Nara's koto-player; Haru San
To beat the drum. O Yuki San's the Boy;
O Tsuru plays the Fairy in first dance—
The 'Feather Dress.'"

So to the Governor's
That evening, through the lanes of lamps, we went.

And, when the feast was ended on the mats—
Three sides of a full square of friendliness,

The stage the fourth :—and each guest, well content,
 Hemmed in with twenty little lacquered bowls
 Showed like a ship at moorings, with the boats
 Clustering around ; and black-haired musumees
 Brimmed the last sakë cup, and *gohan* came,
 The silvered *shoji*, decked with maple leaves,
 Opened a space, to let the music in,—
 Two samisens, a double drum, a flute,
 Then, with low reverences, the "No" began.

So saw we,—after many preludings
 Of string and skin,—O Yuki San pace forth
 A fisherman. No chance to err herein,
 Seeing she bore the net and balanced tubs,
 And great brass knife to slice the *tara* thin,
 All as you note them at Enoshima.
 Moreover, fan in hand, she sings a song
 To tell us how her name's Hakuriyô,
 Her dwelling Miwo's pine-grove, and her life
 A fisher-lad's, reaping the deep green sea

For silver harvests of the silly shoals
Which, caught by hundreds, come in thousands more
To the spread mesh. Mighty the draught will be—
So chants the Sea-boy, sauntering from his boat—
Now the cold rains are over, and the sky
Round about Fuji's head glows pearl and gold :
With, high above the hardly rippling waves,
Yon gilded sickle of the new-made Moon
Leading the pale lamp of the Evening Star
Attendant, like some heavenly Musume.
" Oh, at a Spring-tide so delectable,
With purple iris fringing all the rice
And fiery lilies flaming in the rye,
The air so soft, the pines whispering so low,
The dragon-flies, like fairy spears of steel
Darting or poised, the velvet butterflies
Fluttering to sip the last sweets of the rape
Before the great Sun goes,—at such an hour
The Gods themselves might come awhile to Earth"—
So sings young Hakuriyô.

And, behold!

Suddenly—hanging on a branch of fir—
 A wondrous sight he spies! The samisens
 Twangle surprise, the drums beat *Hè-hè-hè*,
 While Yuki San, a-tiptoe, reaches down
 A many-tinctured, fairy-patterned robe—
 All gold and scarlet and celestial white—
 Of feathers wove, but feathers of such birds
 As surely never perched on earthly tree!
 The lining shot with airy tender tints
 As of a broken rainbow. Glad he scans
 The strange bright treasure-trove. Another such
 Suruga never saw!—Narumi's looms
 Never dreamed such a marvel! Light of heart
 Into his hut dances Hakuriyô,
 Casting the nets aside to clasp the robe.

Next,—very softly trill the samisens,
 The drums beat muted, and the flute pipes forth
 Expectant tones, while—light as falling snow

Or breath of morning breeze, whispering its way
Through the awakening maple-leaves—glides in
A Heavenly Fairy! 'Tis O Tsuru San :
And neck, breast, slender little amber limbs
Are bare as the brown sea-sand: just one
 cloth
Tied with a sky-blue string about the waist
Half covers her. Sweetly and movingly
At the hut-door she sings: "Oh, thou within
That hast my robe of feathers! Open now
And give what is not thine, but only mine!"

Then see we (kneeling watchful on the mats)
O Yuki San come tripping from the hut
Clasping the feather dress. But when she marks
O Tsuru San bowing before the door
Look how she stands—Yuki the Fisher-lad—
Out of his wits with well-shown wonderment!
So beautiful the dark-eyed weeper is
Unclad, and pleading with those lovely tears.

Down on his face falls young Hakuriyô
And thus they talk, with samisens to help :

SHE. "Fisher-boy! give back to me
The dress I hanged upon the tree!"

HE. "Oh thou! well-clad in beauty bright!
Form of glory, face of light!
Honourably deign to tell
Where such charms celestial dwell.
What thy name, august, may be,
Fairest! first reveal to me!"

SHE. "I am come from Heaven's domain :
If I spoke it ne'er so plain
You my name could never hear
As the Angels say it there.
Flying past your little star,
All so fair it looked, afar—
Silvery sea and snow-tipped hill—

That I had an idle will
Once to set my foolish feet
On those flowers that shone so sweet.
So I laid my robe aside
In the tree which you espied :
And, without it—shame and woe !
To my home I cannot go !”

HE. “ Loveliest Lady ! little mind
Had I, at the first, my find
Ever to surrender. Now
When you deign to tell me how,
If I keep it, you must stay,
No more for your garment pray !”

SHE. “ Ah ! why did I quit my sky
Where yon happy sea-birds fly,
And the wild swan spreads her wings
While the wind between them sings ;
And the free storks urge their flight

Strong across the spangled night ?
Render back my robe, and soon
I shall soar beyond the Moon,
Thread the star-paths, and pursue
Light and life beyond the blue.
Mortal ! 'tis impiety
Not to give mine own to me !”

HE. “ Always I would have you here,
Fairy ! bright, and sweet, and dear.
Will you not, for love of love
Let go longing for above ?
I would let go all but life
If I might but make you wife !”

SHE. “ Fisher-boy ! this sea of thine
Maddens thee with mighty wine !
Fair thou art : yet thou and I
Are as is the sea and sky,
Which may meet but cannot marry ;

If, for love of you, I'd tarry,
'Twere as though a cloud should wed
With some hill-top. Soft night sped
Lone the hill rises. Touch my hand
And better shalt thou understand."

HE. "I cannot take it! Plain I see
The soft, smooth skin, so velvety,
Of hand and wrist! Yet, when I clasp,
It is a mist melts in my grasp.
Now, I would give you back this dress
If you will change such loveliness
To solid flesh, not floating air,
Oh, thou than living flesh more fair!"

SHE. "Peace! most foolish boy and fond!
I am what those are beyond;
More substantial, didst thou know,
Than this flesh and blood below.
Give me back the robe whereby

I may once more reach my sky,
And, for deed of gentillesse,
When I don again my dress,
I will dance, to do thee pleasure,
One round of our heavenly measure ;
I will sing, to comfort thee,
One strain of the melody
Heard by souls divine, in sphere
Where the Light is lovelier !”

HE. “ Ah ! to see you fly I dread
When I yield this wonder ! Tread
First your measure, Lady sweet !
Then I place it at your feet.”

SHE. “ Shame upon thee ! I have heard
Men will break a plighted word,
But with us this is not so !
All unveiled the Spirits go ;
And nay is nay, and yes is yes :
I dance not else ! Give me the dress !”

Then see we Hakuriyô, blushing deep,
 Lay at her foot the golden-feathered gown
 Alight with silvery white and scarlet fires.
 And while the samisens make chords of joy
 O Tsuru kneels, and gathers wistfully
 The shining marvel round her shoulders : laughs
 For pleasure to be safe re-plumed : then glides—
 With voice of melting notes, and paces fair
 Falling as light as fir-cones, to the dance :

SHE. "Now it is mine again

I am fain, I am fain

To pay you true, as a Spirit should do

With secrets of Heaven made plain.

Yet, not for long can I sing this song,

Nor dance the dance of the skies ;

Your earth shows fair,

But dense is the air,

And we wonder not if your eyes

A very small part of the splendour see

Laid upon river and lea :
 Only one gleam of the glory shed
 From Fuji's diademed head
 Down to this leaf of the momiji-tree
 Which knows and courtesys to me :
 For I and the maple-leaf are one
 As we hear, as we hear
 The tender unnoticed tone
 Of your Earth's voice, ceaseless and clear :
 And we move to the swing
 Of your star, in the ring
 She weaves round the flying Sun ;
 Weaves so—so—so :—
 Which the waves understand
 And the wind and the sand :
 But you cannot ever know !”

'Twere good you should have watched O Tsuru San
 Deftly pace this, with little lifted feet
 Shod in the white silk *tabi* : and soft lips


Making the melodies to guide her feet,
The music sitting silent ; or, at most,
Dropping a high note in now and again.
Then, with her fan before her face, or waved
In dreamy curves, she sang a verse of Love
We,—and the Fisher-boy—still on our knees.

SHE. " And Love—sweet Love !

Oh less than the splendour spread
From Fuji's head
To the sea, and the grass, and the grove
Know ye the deep things of this !
A little men taste its bliss
In the belov'd one's charms,
And the close-wound arms,
And the spirits which almost kiss
Through their dividing bodies ; and delight
Of mother-love and father-love, and friends
Hand-fast, and heart-fast ! But Death's sudden night
Comes ; and in gloom, it seems, Love's sunshine ends.

Thus Love's warm golden wing
 Shields not from shuddering
The souls it covers, chilled with dread to part.
 Ah! could I tell,
 Who see it near and well,
The far truth freely to each beating heart
 Not on your tearful planet once again
 Should Love be pain,
Nor from your blinded eyes should salt tears start.
 But that which I would teach
 Hath in your human speech
No words to name such comfort rich and great ;
 Therefore dream on, asleep,
 And, dreaming, weep !
And wait ! a little,—yet a little wait !”

So, or in suchwise, in soft Japanese,
The ancient *uta* flowed ; and fluttered to it
O Tsuru San's light silks, kirtle and sleeve ;
And closed and opened to it her brown arms ;



While crystal tears stood in her eyes at times
Singing of sorrowful Love. Till, with a laugh
She stayed, and brake into the Planet Dance :
Joyously circling, singing, beating time :

SHE. "Steps of my silvery star
Dancing alone, afar
So still, so slow
No mortal may know
How stately her footsteps are ;
Nor what fair music is guide of her feet,
Solemn and high and sweet ;
All in a tune
To the Sun and the Moon,
And the drums that the glad worlds beat.
As long a path as your little orb goes,
From the first of her flowers to the last of her snows
My white Home sweeps in a night ;
Knowing not haste, knowing no rest,
For delight

THE "NO" DANCE.

In the life of her silver light
And joy of the wide blue waste,
Where the Angels pass
Like fish through the sea's green glass,
But you cannot see that sight!"

And, while we did not speak for wistfulness,
Watching the woven paces, wondering
To note how foot and tongue kept faultless time
To dreamy tinkling of the samisens,
Across her breast that golden-feathered gown
Softly she drew ; spread her brown arms like wings
And passed !—O Yuki San and we alone !
The "No" Dance ended !

"Thanks, dear Tsuru San !
Yet half we wish O Yuki had not given !"



Other Poems.

✓

A SONG.

ONCE—and only once—you gave
 One rich gift, which Memory
Shuts within itself, to save
 Sweet and fresh, while life may be :
Shuts it like a rose-leaf treasured
 In the pages of a book,
Which we open, when heart-leisured,
 Now and then—softly to look.

If I told you of that gift
 How and when, the tend'ring of it,
Would you, out of rose-leaf thrift,
 Claim from me the rend'ring of it ?

That might make it two for one
('Twas of such unwonted kind!)
Half a mind I have to tell you
Not to tell you half a mind.

MOTHERS.

(A Dialogue at Boston, Mass., U.S.A.)

“SEE there,” he said, “my fair American!

Yon noisy child

I'd like to choke, being but 'brutal man;'

That Mother mild

“Takes all its howls for music, comforts it

With song and kiss :

And gives it, at the loudest of its fit,

Her milky bliss.

“And there again,—yon little lambkin bleating,

Made for mint-sauce :

At its first cry the Ewe quits clover-eating

And runs, perforce.

“And yet again, that purple-winged hen-starling,
Hungry—I’ll vouch it!
Flies with a fat grub to her nested darling,
Nor dreams to pouch it!

“She-mercy everywhere, she-pitying
In helpless season!
You Boston girls seem up to everything:
Tell me the reason.”

“Why, certainly!” she smiled, “don’t poets know
Better than others?
God can’t be always everywhere: and, so,
Invented Mothers.”

*INSCRIPTION FOR STAINED-GLASS
WINDOW*

IN ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER, LONDON.

(To the Memory of Edward Lloyd, Esq.)

A MASTER-PRINTER of the Press, he spake

By mouth of many thousand tongues: he swayed

The pens which break the sceptres. Good Lord! make

Thy strong ones faithful and thy bold afraid!

SONNET TO AMERICA.

AMERICA! At this thy Golden Gate,
New travelled from those portals of the West,
Parting—I make my reverence! It were best
With backward looks to quit a Queen in state!
Land of all lands most fair, and free, and great,
Of countless kindred lips, wherefrom I heard
Sweet speech of Shakespeare—keep it consecrate
For noble uses! Land of Freedom's Bird,
Fearless and proud! so let him soar that, stirred
By generous joy, all lands may learn from thee
A larger life, and Europe, undeterred
By ancient dreads, dare also to be free
Body and Soul, seeing thine eagle gaze
Undazzled, upon Freedom's sun full-blaze.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

(De secundo Consulatu Stilichonis.)

*“Hæc est in gremium Victos quoe sola recepit
Humanumque genus communi nomine fovit
Matris non dominæ ritu: civesque vocavit
Quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit.”*

SHE alone knew, of victors first and best,
To fold the vanquished to her pardoning breast:
To gather 'neath her wings, in one great brood,
The tribes of Man, by might, then love, subdued,
Mother, not Queen, calling those sons by birth
Whom she had conquered—linking ends of Earth.

THE SULTAN'S RING.

(From the Persian.)

A NECK-EXALTING Lord, a Median King,
Heard one in rags, sore-troubled, say this thing
Under the palace-arch—haggard and faint
Rocking upon the Carpet of Complaint :
“ Oh, Sultan ! to the Door of God goest thou
As I to thine : therefore accomplish now
Mercy towards me, as thou for mercy prayest :
‘ Make glad my heart ! ’ To Allah so thou sayest,
Therefore, from Sorrow’s darkness bring forth mine ! ”
Now, on that Sultan’s thumb a stone did shine,
Pigeon-blood ruby, such a gem the Shroff
Faltered in telling what would weigh enough
In gold tomâns to price it. In the night
It glowed as Day had dropped spark of rose-light

From th' afternoon : and in the Day it seemed
As though a red imprisoned sunbeam gleamed.

The Sultan drew this wonder from his thumb,
While, at his stirrup-iron, grim and dumb,
The Aghas watched, stroking their beards. He drew
The ruby off, and quotha : " It was new
Upon our lips that prayer ! God may delay
To hear us if we turn our hearts away
When others ask. Go, sell this ring, and buy
Oil of Content for Sore of Misery ! "

Better a king's hand lacking royal seal
Than king's ear guilty of unheard appeal !

CHAPTER I. OF THE DHAMMAPADA.

THOUGHT in the mind hath made us. What thou art
By thought was wrought and builded. If a soul
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes as wheels of cart
Behind its oxen roll.

All that we are is what we think and will :
Our thoughts shape us and frame. If one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows still
As his own shadow—sure !

“ He hath defamed me, wronged me, broken trust,
Abased me, beaten me ! ” If one shall keep
Thoughts like these angry words within his breast
Hatreds will never sleep !

“ He hath defamed me, wronged me, vilely wrought,
Abased me, beaten me ! ” If one shall send
Such angry words away for pardoning thought
Hatreds will have an end.

For, never anywhere at any time
Did hatred cease by hatred. Always 'tis
By Love that hatred ceaseth. From the prime
The ancient Rule is this.

The many, who live foolish, do forget
Or never knew, how mortal wrongs pass by :
But they who know, and who remember, let
Transient quarrels die.

Whoso abides, looking for pleasures, vain,
Gluttonous, proud, in idle luxuries,
Mâra will him o'erthrow, as wind and rain
Level short-rooted trees.

Whoso abides, disowning joys, controlled,
 Temperate, faithful, firm, shunning all ill,
 Mâra shall no more shake that man strong-souled
 Than the wind doth a hill.

Whoso *Kâshya* bears—the yellow dress—
 Being *anishkashya*,* not sin-free
 Nor heeding Truth and Law—in wrongfulness
 That holy robe wears he.

But whoso, living *nishkashya* aright,
 Clean from offence, doth still in virtue dwell
 Observing temperance and truth—that wight
 Wareth *Kashya* well.

Whoso imagines truth in the untrue
 And in the true finds untruth—he expires
 Never attaining Knowledge—life's to rue
 He follows vain desires.


* There is a play here on the words *Kashya*, the yellow robe of the Buddhists, and *Kashya*, "impurity."

Whoso discerns in truth the true, and sees
The false in falseness with unblinded eye,
He doth attain to knowledge. Life with these
Aims well before they die.

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched roof, so break
Passions through minds which holy thoughts despise :
As rain runs from a well-laid roof—so shake
Their passions off, the wise.

The Evil-doer mourneth this life long
And mourneth in the life to come. In both
He grieveth. When he seeth fruit of wrong
To see he will be loath.

The righteous man in this world hath his boot,
And in the world to come. From both he takes
Pleasaunce. When he doth see his works bear fruit
The good sight gladness makes.



Glad is he living, glad in dying, glad
Having once died : glad always, glad to know
What good deeds he had done, glad that he had
More good where he did go.

The lawless man, who Law not following,
Leaf after leaf recites, and line by line ;
No Buddhist is he, but a hireling
Who counts another's kine.

The law-obeying, loving one who learns
Only one verse of Dharma, but hath ceased
From envy, hatred, malice, ill concerns,
He is the Buddhist Priest !



THE CHIPMUNK.


STROLLING in the city garden
Where the gardens touched the woodlands
(Always with new eyes beholding
Men and beasts and birds and flowers
In your land, so fair and friendly,
In America so wondrous);
Suddenly I spy, careering,
Tail in air, alert, observant,
Glittering with black-beady eyeballs
On the rail-edge, like rope-dancer,
Some small beast not known in England.
“What is that?” I said, inquiring,
“Can it be Longfellow’s squirrel,
Hiawatha’s Adjidaumo?”

THE CHIPMUNK.

“ Say ! and don't you really know him ? ”
Laughingly replied my comrade,
Tan-faced, prairie boy of ten ;
“ That's the Chipmunk, and we kill him
For his smooth, grey, stripey skin.”

“ Ah ! ” I said, “ don't kill the Chipmunk,
If his little coat has stripes !
Brother he must be, or cousin
To a chipmunk that I know
Dwelling in the Indian Jungle.
No one kills the small Geloori
Over there in far-off India,
Ever since they heard the story
How its coat came to be striped.”

“ Why, do tell ! ” cried my companion ;
And I told the Hindoo story
All to save chipmunks and squirrels.



Once, among the palm-groves wandering,
Shiva, Lord and God of all things,
By the sea-shore saw a squirrel
Grey, with bushy tail and bright eyes,
Dipping constantly in ocean—
Dipping twenty times a minute,
Dipping deeply in the salt waves
Bushy tail, and then besprinkling
On the shore the gathered water.

Quoth the God, “ What art thou doing,
Little grey, insensate Squirrel !
Dipping in the mighty ocean
Tail so insignificant ? ”

And the Squirrel meekly answered :
“ Oh, Creator of all living,
Glorious Shiva ! I am trying
To bale dry the Indian Sea ;
For there came a furious tempest

Which laid low this lofty palm-tree
Where I built my happy nest ;
And the palm has fallen seaward,
And the nest lies in the water,
And my wife and pretty children
In the nest will float away ;
Therefore, all the night and day here
Do I dip my tail and shake it,
Hoping, if I labour stoutly,
At the last to bale the sea dry,
So that I may save my darlings
Even though I spoil my tail."

Gravely spake the Lord of Heaven :
" Truly 'tis a good example,
Little, grey, absurd Geloori !
Which you set to families.
If all husbands were as faithful,
And all fathers proved as fond,
Happier would be those I fashion,

Sweet would pass the lives I give!"
Then He stooped, and, with His great hand—
Hand that makes the men and spirits—
Hand that holds the stars and planets
As we grasp a bunch of grapes—
Shiva stroked the toiling squirrel;

And there came, from nose to tail-end,
Four green stripes upon the grey;
Marks by the Supreme Hand planted
As a sign of love forever.
Then He lifted high that hand,
Waved it to the rolling waters,
Waved it to the roaring Main,
Which ran back with all its surges
Like white dogs that know their master,
Leaving bare the rocks and seaweed,
Leaving high and dry the palm-tree.

And the little squirrel hastened—
Cocking high his tail again,

Reached his woven house of grass-blades—
Found his wife, and found his children
Dry and well, and chirping welcomes.
So he brought them safe to dry land,
But the wonder was to see
All their little smooth backs “stripey”
With the sign of Shiva’s fingers!

That is why, in distant India,
Good men never kill the chipmunks;
And, I think, his cousins here,
Though no God has ever stroked them,
Would be grateful if you left them
Playing ’mid the scarlet maples
Of your Pennsylvanian woods.

*A ROSE OF THE "GARDEN OF
FRAGRANCE."*

(From the Persian of Sâdi's "Bostan.")

Of hearts disconsolate see to the state :
To bear a breaking heart may prove thy fate.

Help to be happy those thine aid can bless,
Mindful of thine own day of helplessness.

If thou at others' doors need'st not to pine
In thanks to Allah drive no man from thine.

Over the orphan's path protection spread !
Pluck out his heart-grief, lift his drooping head.

When with his neck bent low thou spiest one,
Kiss not the lifted face of thine own son !

Take heed these go not weeping. Allah's throne
Shakes to the sigh the orphan breathes alone.

With kindness wipe the tear-drop from his eye,
Cleanse him from dust of his calamity !

There was a merchant, who, upon his way—
Meeting one fatherless and lamed—did stay

To draw the thorn which pricked his foot ; and passed :
And 'twas forgot : and the man died at last :

But in a dream the Prince of Khojand spies
That man again, walking in Paradise ;

Walking and talking in the Blessed Land,
And what he said the Prince could understand :

For he said this : plucking the heavenly posies,
"Ajâb! that one thorn made me many Roses!"



TO MY BIOGRAPHER.

TRACE me through my snow,
Track me through my mire,
You shall never know
Half that you desire !

Praise me, or asperse,
Deck me, or deride ;
In my veil of verse
Safe from you I hide.

A PICTURE.

(From the German of the Queen of Roumania.)

SITS upon the splintered summit
Swathed in tempest, by a black gulf,
Wondrous beautiful, a Woman—
Large and strong her body's lines are
As she leans upon the rock
At the crag's edge lightly swaying :
One knee rests across the other
Balanced, and, with fingers clenched,
In her hand she grasps a serpent,
Careless how the monstrous creature
Twines and coils, and shoots its fork forth
Helpless that white grip to loosen,
Helpless to escape her fingers.
Red her hair is ; like to flame-tongues

Stream amid the storm its tresses,
Float into the clouds and capture
The chain-lightning as it falls,
Drawing through its skeins those flashes
Which glide harmless down her body,
But, beneath her, split a pine-tree
From its topmost bough to foot.
And the eyes of that wild woman,
In the light which flickers purple
Round and round the summit, glitter
Green beneath great brows of black.

DURCH DEN WALD.

(From the German of the Queen of Roumania.)

THROUGH the forest there fluttered a song
Upborne upon airy gay wings :
As the breeze lisps the beech-boughs among
So softly it lit on my strings :
And my harp told the River again :
And the trees and the birds caught the strain :
And the flow'rs set up soft whisperings.

Through the forest came loitering Love :
There was budding and blooming at this :
The birds woke, with welcome, the grove
And the rocks and the springs felt the bliss ;
It seemed 'twould be sunshine forever
As the sun shed red gold on the River
And the waves and the bank-buds did kiss.

Through the forest a tempest did roar,
 Song and Love in its fury it caught,
And both to the far Sea it bore,
 So an end to all singing was brought !
And the River went silently by,
And the gold melted out of the sky,
 And the talk of the birds came to naught !

THE TOPSAIL OF THE VICTORY.

(“On the wall is suspended the foretopsail of Lord Nelson’s flagship Victory.” *Vide* “Catalogue of Naval Exhibition, Chelsea, 1891.”)

OH, Wings of Victory!

Proud battle-plumage, torn with shot and ball,

Draped in wide tattered glory on this wall!

Come hither! Come and see!

Lord Nelson’s canvas here!

The topsail of his Flagship, when he sailed

To win Trafalgar for us,—and prevailed

’Mid thunder, flame, and fear.

The cloths she sheeted home

Shining and white that day! hallyard and clew,

Cringle and tack and bolt-rope—clean and new—

Close to the foe to come:

Now faded, ragged, frayed :
As yellow as King George's guineas! Rent
From bunt to ear-ring: yet magnificent!
Yet in royal state arrayed!

For, dear and dauntless ship,
Built of the British Oak, and manned with hearts
Staunch as the heart of oak! What pulse but
starts?

What pride leaps to the lip

Thinking how each clout heard
The boatswain pipe: "Hoist the foretopsail, Lads!
Haul home! Haul home!" And then it soars and
spreads

Like pinion of sea-bird:

Amongst the clouds a cloud:
And then it sees from foretop—while it holds
The Spanish breeze, and mightily unfolds—
Down on the decks that crowd

Of Nelson's lions stand,
Stripped to the waist at stations : every man
Alight with the great signal-words which ran
Joyous, and good, and grand—

“ England expects

That every man this day ”—“ Ay ! ay ! we hear !
Our duty we shall do : have ye no fear.”

The very cannons' necks

Lean hungry o'er the swell,
Craving for battle-food : and, leading all
Nelson's Three-decker goes, majestic !

Beautiful ! terrible !

Oh, Wings of Victory !
Flew ye indeed that forenoon, white and great,
Wafting our hero to his glorious fate
Over the dancing sea ?

Marked ye, indeed,
The haughty foemen's challenge-flags unfold

From ship to ship, along the rippled gold ?

And, ever true at need

Collingwood close ? And Lake ?

And Nelson, from his knees, come brave and gay

To give his bright blood for us ? and the array

Of liners, in his wake ?

Gods ! How we see

Bullets and round-shot rend thy bellying white !

And scarlet smoke-wreaths from the rattling fight

Enwrap thee, weather and lee !

And how, below,

'Mid blast of such red thunders, rife with death,

Such terror as no tempest witnesseth,

Our British Jacks, aglow,

Fight on for Britain's Crown

As if each man were not King's man, but King !

And what cheers split the sky, when fluttering,

Flag after flag comes down !

And then—there! there!
While thy scorched folds flap triumph—that 'curst ball!
The mortal wound! our matchless Champion's fall!
Loss that made all gain dear.

Foretopsail old!
Under your foot he fell—splendid in death:
Under your shade breathed forth his patriot breath!
Ah! wove with valour's gold.

Heroic Rags!
Flaunt to the world, as once to France and Spain,
Token of England's might upon the main,
Better than blazoned flags.

Flaunt!—for ye may—
Tatters which make it boast enough to be
Of Nelson's blood! Torn Wings of Victory
From dread Trafalgar's day!

THE FRIGATE ENDYMION.

("Towards the close of the war with France, Captain the Hon. Sir Charles Paget, while cruising in the Endymion frigate on the coast of Spain, descried a French ship of the line in imminent danger, embayed among rocks on a lee shore: bowsprit and foremast gone, and riding by a stream cable, her only remaining one.

"Though it was blowing a gale, Sir Charles bore down to the assistance of his enemy, dropped his sheet-anchor on the Frenchman's bow, buoyed the cable, and veered it across his hawser. This the disabled ship succeeded in getting in, and thus seven hundred lives were saved from destruction.

"After performing this chivalrous action the Endymion, being herself in great peril, hauled to the wind, let go her bower-anchor, club-hauled, and stood off shore on the other tack." *Vide* "Catalogue Royal Naval Exhibition, 1891.")

THE English roses on her face

Blossomed a brighter pink, for pride,

As, through the glories of the place

Wistful, we wandered, side by side.

We saw our bygone worthies stand,
Done to the life, in steel and gold,
Howard and Drake—a stately band—
Sir Walter, Anson, Hawkins bold :

By all the martial blazonry
Of Blake's great battles, and the roar
Of Jervis, thundering through the sea :
With Rodney, Hood, and fifty more :

To him, the bravest, gentlest, best,
Duty's dear Hero, Britain's star—
The chieftain of the dauntless breast,
Nelson, our Thunderbolt of War !

We saw him gathering sword by sword
On conquered decks from Don and Dane,
We saw him Victory's laurelled Lord
Rend the French battle-line a-twain :

We saw the coat, the vest he wore
In thick of dread Trafalgar's day :
The blood-stains, and the ball which tore
Shoulder-gold, lace, and life away.

In countless grand War-pieces there
The green seas foamed with gallant blood :
The skies blazed high with flame and fear,
The tall masts toppled to the flood.

But ever, 'mid red rage and glow
Of each tremendous Ocean fight,
Safe, by the strength of those below
The flag of England floated bright !

" Ah, dear, brave souls ! " she said, " 'tis good
To be a British girl and claim
Some drops, too, of such splendid blood,
Some distant share of deathless fame ! "

“Yet, still I think of what tears rained
From tender French and Spanish eyes
For all those glorious days we gained.
Oh! the hard price of victories!”

“Come then!” I said: “witness one fight
With triumph crowned, which cost no tear:
Waged gallant 'gainst the tempest's might.”
Then turned we to a canvas near.

“Look! the King's frigate: and her foe:
The coast is Spain! Cruising to spy
An enemy, she finds him so,
Caught in a death-trap, piteously!”

“A great Three-decker! Close a-lee
Wild breakers on the black rocks foam
Will drown the ship's whole company
When that one Anchor's fluke comes home.

“Her foremast gone, she cannot set
Head-sails to cast her off the land :
Those poor souls have to draw breath, yet
As long as while a warp will stand.

“’Tis war-time—time of mutual hate—
Only to keep off, therefore,—tack,
Mark from afar ‘Jean Crapaud’s’ fate,
And lightly to ‘my Lords’ bear back

“Good news of the great Liner, done
To splinters, and some thirty score
Of ‘Mounseers’ perished! Not a gun
To fire! Just stand by—no more!

“Also, that Captain who should go—
Eyes open—where this Gaul is driven,
Would steer straight into Hell’s mid woe
Out of the easy peace of Heaven.

“ Well! let them strike and drown! Not he!
Not lion-hearted Paget! No!
The war’s forgot! He’ll make us see
Seamanship at its topmost. Blow

“ Boatswain! your pipe! Endymions, hear!
Forward and aft, all hands on deck!
Let my sails draw, range hawsers clear!
Paget from Fate his foe will pluck!”

“ So bears she down: the fair white flag
Hoisted—full friendly—at the main!
Her guns run in: twice to a rag
The stormsail torn: but set again.

“ And when she rounds to wind, they swarm
Into their rigging, and they dip
The tricolor, with hearts made warm
By hope and love. Look now! his ship



“ Inside the doomed one ! and you note
How, between life and death, he keeps
His Frigate like a pleasure-boat
Clean full and by : and, while he sweeps

“ Athwart the Frenchman’s hawse, lets go
His big sheet-anchor : buoys it, cast
Clear o’er the rail. They know, they know !
Here’s help ! here’s hope ! here’s chance at last !

“ For hauling (you shall understand)
The English hawser o’er her side,
All fear is fled of yon black strand :
Safely the huge Three-decker rides.

“ Safe shall she come to Brest again, ’
With Jean and Jacques, and Paul and Pierre ;
And float to fight King George’s men
Thanks to the goodly British gear.

“But woe to bold Endymion,
Never was darker plight for craft;
Laid-to—all save one anchor gone,
And those black fateful rocks abaft!

“Fresh-plucked from death the Frenchmen watched
A sailor’s highest lesson shown;
They view by skill that Frigate snatched
From peril direr than their own.

“To beat to windward she must fly
Round to the starboard tack: but drives
Full on the rocks in staying: try
To wear her, the same fate arrives.

“One desperate shift remains! She brings
Her cable to the bitts: makes fast;
Drops anchor: by the starboard swings:
And, when a-lee her stern is cast,



“ Hauls on the slack, and cuts adrift :
Sheets home her foresail : fills, and swerves
A ship's length forth. Subtle and swift
Her aim the tempest's wrath now serves.

“ In view of those safe, rescued men,
Foot by foot steals she space to live :
Self-stripped of hope, except she win
The offing. None can succour give !

“ A ship's length more ! One ship's length more !
And then 'helm down !' Then, something free
Comes the fierce blast ! That leeward shore
Slides slow astern ! That raging sea

‘ Widens ! If once yon whitened reef
She weathers ! 'tis a saviour saved !—
Seamanship conquers ! Past belief
She rounds ! The peril hath been braved !

“Then, louder than the storm-wind’s yell,
Rings in her wake the Frenchmen’s cheer,
Bidding the good ship glad farewell
While our staunch Frigate draws out clear.

“Never was nobler salvage made!
Never a smarter sea-deed done!”

.

“Best of all fights I love,” she said:
“This fight of the Endymion.”

L'ENVOI.

(From the German of the Queen of Roumania.)

AND that which here I have been singing

It was all yours—not mine!

From your joy all its gladness bringing:

Its sad chords from your sorrows ringing:

I did but you divine!

Yours were the thoughts forever ranging!

You made the folk-tales true!

In this Earth-show of chance and changing,

Of life uniting, death estranging,

Look, Soul! these things were you!

Perchance when Death shall give me leisure,
And these tired lips lie dumb,
Then you my words will better measure,
And in my love take larger pleasure,
Its meaning being come !

THE END.

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